Dut Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine,
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let mee heare it.
Yor. Marry thy say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old:
'Twas ful two yeeres ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a prettie iest.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child,
Qu. Pitchers haue eares, *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold,
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloceſter and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
VVhy, or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie begins to iet,

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse Thr
Welcome destruction, death and mass
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrang
How many of you haue mine eyes be
My husband lost his life to get the cro
And often vp and downe my sonnes
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine a
And being seated, and domesticke bre
Cleane ouerblown, themselues the co
Make war vpō themselues, blood aga
Selfe against selfe, O prepostrous
And franticke outrage, end thy damn
Or let me die to looke on death no mo
Q. Come, come, my boy, we wil to
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Ladie, go,
And thither beare your treasure and y
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Gr
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me
As well I tender you, and all of yours:
Come, Ile conduct you to the sanctua
The Trumpets sound. Enter youg Pri
Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Card
Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to Lo
Glo. Welcome deare cozen my thou
The wearie way hath made you melan
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses on
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and
I want more Vncles here to welcome
Glo. Sweet Prince, the vntainted ve
Hath not yet diued into the worlds de
Nor more can you distinguish of a ma
Then of his outward shew, which Go
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the he
Those Vncles which you want, were d
Your Grace attended to their sugred w
But lookt not on the poyson of their h

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